

Ed told him how the cub went adrift—eliciting a roar of laughter from Old Wolverine.

Having reposed perfect confidence in the hunter from the first, Frank now went on and narrated their adventure of the day; and asked the old borderman's opinion of the same.

"Wal," he began, "it's a leetle mixed in my mind as to real facts. I've heard that the Ingins war gittin' a fidgety as a hypocrite on the mourner's bench, but I don't believe they'd dare come out openly ag'inst the whites. Old Pokagan is too smart a chief not to see the risk of such an escapade. But, I'll tell you what I think the trouble is: this country is full of lumbermen, bee-hunters, and shingle-weavers; and among the many hundreds of them there are hayseeds of mean, ornery critters who come out here to escape justice and pretend to work Thar's Bertram's camp made up of Canadians; some of 'em—in fact, most of 'em—are good men; but there are some meaner than the proprietor o' the sulphur-pit himself. Same way with Spencer's men—ditto, the settlers and Indians. As sinful souls leave the night, these fellers are drawn together by a natural affinity, and together they concoct and do a great deal of mean things. Housumever, the Unknown of Marksman's provin' a' epidemic to some of that class of pilgrims."

"Who is the Unknown Marksman? and what's your opinion of him, Wolverine?" asked Bald.

"I think he's a rattlin' good shot—sure of his game every pop, as old Mellow Tongue is of his trail. That's all I know 'bout him, and, in fact, is all I want to know."

"Which way are you traveling now?" asked Nattie.

"Goin' up the river on a big deer-hunt; that's rattlin' fine sport. Jist let me strike a trail and then give Mellow Tongue the lead, and oh, land of the blessed! Sich ravishin' music! Why, it would drive you into ecstasies—yea, you'd expire with delight to hear it. Goin' sing as they string out through the woods. With Mellow Tongue at the end and old Baltic 'bout a hump behind, that trail becomes a gamut of music. Didn't you ever hear a pack like that on the trail of a festive fox?—you didn't?—well, then, you've still sumthin' to live for. I'm goin' up the river now, and if you fellers want to take passage with me, and wouldn't care to spell me now and then at the oars, why, come along, my Josies, and we'll have some rare old sport. Oh, I tell ye, I'm none o' yer sedates—I'm as frisky as a festive mule; and can stand more fun and frolic than any youngster in Michigan."

"But we were going down the river," said Frank; "besides we are bee-hunters."

"Bee-hunters?—well, now, don't you git it, gents, that I can take you right slab-above the trees and pickin' thin grains of sand on the desert Salmarah, or cranberries in the Blue Marsh. Why, it's a fact, they're so plenty, more or less, that they can't holdier trees enough to put their honey in; and so they just stick it right in among the branches. Why, the trees up there are all glaummed over with honey. Bears just have rollicking times up thar."

And, notwithstanding his wonderful exaggerations, the bee-hunters took passage with the old hunter and started back up the river, still in hopes that they would find Goliah Strong, their guide.

CHAPTER V.

THE MYSTERY OF SPIRIT RAPIDS.

As the four men journeyed slowly up the river, they discussed the absence of Goliah Strong and the appearance of the strange woman in the covered boat, as well as the death of the Indian, Swift-Wing.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Old Wolverine, "but what that Unknown Marksman was quartered up there. If so, I wouldn't be afeard to call on him."

"Perhaps you might get a bullet through your brain," Nattie suggested.

"I hope not; but if anything of the kind should happen, boys, don't let the Old Guard come to grief. Old Mellow Tongue's olfactory are so keen that you could soon train him to track a bee through the air like a flint. But then, I don't want to go yet—I'm not ready to die," and as he concluded he began softly whistling:

"Over the hills and far away,"

at the same time keeping time with the measured strokes of the oars.

Mentally, each of the bee-hunters pronounced Old Wolverine a genial old fellow, full of rollicking sport and whimsical expression not altogether devoid of some philosophy; and he congratulated himself upon their having fallen into his companionship.

A few hours' rowing brought them back to the mouth of the South Black River, Castle Island and Spirit Rapids.

Castle Island was a rocky promontory shaped like a wedge, and splitting the waters of the South Black before it emptied into the main river. The waters that passed to the right of the island flowed in a strong current down through a narrow channel almost under the high, rocky walls of the island, while the main volume of water that passed to the left of the island, broke into wild, tossing rapids. The island was covered with a dense growth of scrubby pines, and was inaccessible. The right side, and the end overlooking the Black river proper was guarded by high, projecting rocks which left side the rapids made it impossible for any human being to cross to the island. At least it seemed so to a casual observer watching the sweeping, tossing, wavy waters.

The moon was in the zenith when our friends reached this point. Castle Island, as some imaginative genius had named it, stood out against the northern sky like some old castellated ruins, true enough; while a white mist hung over Spirit Rapids, in which the same genius must have imagined he could see spiritual forms hovering over the seething, sweeping, tossing, wavy waters.

"My God!" cried Nattie, "that was a human cry—the cry of a woman! Pull, Wolverine, pull to the rescue, though I be a murderer!"

The hunter bent to the oars and sent the sharp-pointed boat speeding against the current. Into the very edge of the rapids he plowed.

Frank Ballard is in the prow and with dis tended eyes he searched for the body of the youth's victim. He sees an object rise to the surface on the left. He sees a pair of arms butting the waves.

"To the left, Wolverine, to the left!" he shouts.

They turned the boat to the left. It shot like a dart alongside the body. Frank made a grab at it and seized a human form by the wrist; but at this instant the boat struck a hidden rock and capsized. All were thrown headlong into the water, and the next moment were ruthlessly swept away on the bosom of the waves.

"My God!" cried Nattie, "that was a human cry—the cry of a woman! Pull, Wolverine, pull to the rescue, though I be a murderer!"

The hunter bent to the oars and sent the sharp-pointed boat speeding against the current. Into the very edge of the rapids he plowed.

With a strange uncertainty and misgiving, he dashed his gun, and, taking careful aim, fired. The report of the piece sounded dead and sullen, and it had scarcely jarred upon the ears of the little party ere a heartrending and piercing scream rent the night, and the apparition was seen to sink upon the bosom of the waves.

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HER QUESTIONS.

BY EDWIN ROSS.

More than all the world is with me,
When the world is far away;
When the gilding of the morning
Golds into perfect day.
And the lovelight of the sunlight
Sheds on two a single ray!

"Darling, tell me, do you love me?
Love me as the stars above me,
When the night falls, love the sky?
Love me so, that come whatever,
Thou art still my truest die?"

"Do you love me—closer hold me—
In the dark as thou hast told me
Thou dost love me in the day?
Love me so that whatso cometh,
Love for us shall be always!"

More than all the world is with me—
More than all the world, I say—
When the eve succeeds the morning,
And the day is love's own day;
For I never answer Nay!

The Girl Rivals;

OR,

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE
BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

This immense sensation was followed by a smile of credulity.

Ruth began to tremble, to flush and pale, and to show embarrassment for the first time. But she steadied her voice and went on:

"I'm telling you the solemn truth, as God is my judge. I will explain how it all happened. The night—that night of Mr. Otis' disappearance—the first thing I thought of when Jasper Judson came back to us, there on the ice, with news that Mr. Otis had gone down under the ice, was that Jasper was in some way responsible for the accident. It seemed to me that he could not have been so far behind his companion that he could not have saved him. I was wild at the thought of Mr. Otis' death, and I arose and accused Jasper, to his face, of being the means of his death. In my excitement and despair I really thought so. I came home, and while the others talked over the affair, I sat silent, brooding over it, and accusing Jasper in my mind. I went to bed when the others did, and after awhile I fell into a sleep, but not a natural sleep. You can ask my father and mother on this point; they will prove to you that I have sometimes—not often—walked in my sleep. I did so that night. I suppose I took my dreadful, revengeful thoughts against Jasper into my sleep. I got up and dressed myself and took Jasper's knife—I had borrowed the knife of him, before I left the house, to fix my skates—made a new slit in the strap, it was—and instead of returning it, I carelessly slipped it into my own pocket. I also took one of Mr. Otis' gloves, which I found on the hall floor, as I came down, and with these, I went noiselessly out of the house, and ran for the ice. When I got there I deliberately made a wound in my left arm, and allowed the blood to trickle out on the ice; I also stained the blade with it; then placed the glove close to the brink of the hole in the ice, and the knife I threw where it was found. If you ask why I did this strange thing, I cannot further explain it. I can show you the scar of the wound in my arm, and mother can testify that she found it after I was taken so ill, and dressed and cared for it without ever knowing how it came.

The prosecution then asked her "Why, she had done this thing, she had on the following day accused Jasper Judson, and cried out against him as the murderer?" She answered that all knowledge of what she had done that night had left her mind, and had never returned to it until last night.

That last night, being very much troubled at the thought of having to testify against her life-long friend, Jasper, she had fallen asleep, and in her dreams the whole matter had been made plain to her—that when she awoke she looked for the scar on her arm, and found it, and felt a positive certainty of the truth of what she had stated; that a great peace had fallen on her, and she had been comforted and supported since, not only by the consciousness that the most positive proofs against the accused were removed by her own hand, but also, that in her dream it had been revealed to her that Henry Otis was not dead, but alive, and well, and within a hundred miles of Penetucket.

The air of perfect faith in what she was saying which Ruth wore, the glow of joy on her wan young face, made a deep impression on many who heard her words; but lawyers take no stock in "the stuff dreams are made of," and cold, incredulous smiles from them chilled the effect which the earnest words of the girl had made on others.

It became whispered about the court-room that Ruth Fletcher had arisen from her long illness not quite right in her mind; and looks of pity and curiosity were fastened upon her. Altogether, that which she had testified, with the simple faith that it would at once set Judson free, went rather against him than for him, so it was accepted only as the excited imagination of a diseased brain.

She was cross-examined very slightly, it being taken for granted that the testimony of a person in Miss Fletcher's condition of mind must be worthless.

There were a number among the audience, however, who implicitly believed what she had said. Among these was Honoria Appleton, who had come to this public place from no morbid curiosity, but in an agony of grief and suspense, and quite certain that her cousin was the victim of whose death the prisoner stood accused. Something of the pale anguish of her face went away when Ruth stated that she had, in her dream, received the assurance that Otis was yet alive. She felt the truth of the girl's story about the placing of the knife and glove in her sleep, and a great hope sprung up in her breast that Otis might, after all, be alive.

After this she had time to wonder how it was that Mildred appeared on the scene; and when, the cross-examination over, and Ruth's mother's testimony—which corroborated her daughter's as to the wound on Ruth's arm—having been taken, the Fletchers and Mildred left the court-room, Honoria hastened from her place, and met them just outside the door.

"Milla! Milla! stay a moment. How came you here?"

"I read of this in the papers, Miss Appleton, and I knew, in a moment, that this Henry Otis was our Otis. Could I help coming?"

Mildred, in the agitation of the moment, had forgotten that Miss Appleton was not supposed to be aware of her identity.

"You did right to come, Milla, of course.

You could not stay away. I know who you are, dear Milla, and how you loved him—for you left your diary with me, you know, and I had to look in it for some clue to the owner of so much property as had been abandoned on my hands. Yes, dearest, who has a sad right to be here, if not Otis' wife?"

"Did you say his wife?" interrupted Ruth, hastily.

"Yes. Miss Fletcher, this lady is Otis' wife, and I am his cousin. His true name was Henry Otis Garner. He had trouble with his uncle, and dropped the family name, I suppose, when he went out to earn his own."

Miss Appleton came to a full stop in her explanation, for Ruth, with a low moan, had thrown herself on her mother's breast and sunk into a swoon.

They carried her into the hotel across the way, where she was, after an alarming time, revived.

Honor and Mildred had gone with the mother, and remained until Ruth recovered.

"Why did you not tell me you were his wife?" was her first question, as her dim eyes turned reproachfully to Mildred.

"I did not think you strong enough to bear the shock; nor that it would be necessary you should ever know, seeing that he was dead, and would never—"

"But he is not dead," almost shrieked Ruth, "I saw him last night, and I tell you, he is alive! Mother! mother! take me home. Take me away from these fine ladies, whom he loves. The very sight of them is death to me!"

CHAPTER XXII.

ROSES IN PRISON.

The trial ran a rapid course, for on the third day it was ended. No proof that Jasper Judson had committed murder could be adduced, except such circumstantial evidence as the reader has heard. This, throwing out Ruth's testimony—which the judge, in his charge to the jury ordered them to do, saying that the girl was probably partially demented—was very strong against the prisoner; anyhow, the jury seemed to have made up its mind before the first day of the trial was over, that he was guilty; and on the third day, after only half an hour's deliberation, it returned with a verdict of "manslaughter," as the judge had charged them that the killing of the teacher under the "emotional insanity" caused by a sudden paroxysm of jealousy, could be construed into manslaughter, rather than willful murder.

He could not forgive her—no, he could have never forgiven her! but he loved her with a wild, terrible love that battled fiercely with his anger and jealousy. When he heard her say—"He is alive and I will find him," the old pangs of jealousy tore at his heart-strings and answered her:

"No, do not look for him. I would rather pine in prison than have you meet that man again. Let him go."

For a moment Ruth wondered; then a sad smile came about her lips.

"You think I would come under his influence again, Jasper—that all the old vanity and folly would revive! No; you are mistaken. My love was almost dead before I heard that little lady avow herself his wife; at that news, it gasped and drew its last breath. It would be an impossible for me, now, to love this Otis Garner as for a friend to enter the gates of heaven."

"Ruth, get up from off your knees. I do not like you to kneel to me, and that floor is no place for one in your health."

"Tell me first, Jasper, that you forgive me."

"You ask a great deal, Ruth. Will you not give me time to think over your petition? It is not so easy to forgive, all in a moment."

"I care not for a cold, calculating forgiveness. If it came from your heart, one second would be time enough."

"It was—it is. Ruth, I forgave you the moment my eyes rested on you in the courtroom, and I saw how you had suffered."

"Oh, Jasper, is this true?"

"Yes, I forgive you, even when I thought that your illness was caused by grief for another and not for me."

"Jasper, you are noble, generous—the same boy you always have been."

She picked up a few of the sweetest flowers, arose from her knees, and approached him to give him the blossoms.

As he took them he grasped the little hand that held them, and looked hard into her face.

"Will you think of me, summer evenings, Ruth, when the breath of roses is sweet all about you, and I am languishing in prison?"

She burst into tears, sobbing pitifully.

"You shall not go to that place, Jasper. You shall not! Or, if they are so cruel as to take you, I shall ask father and mother to go and live near that prison, and I will visit you every day, and bring you roses winter and summer."

"Then I shall be quite willing to go, Ruth."

"I shall live near you, and bring you flowers and write you letters, and prove to you how patient and faithful I can be. I will never desert you; I will show you that I am no longer a vain and silly school-girl. Then, perhaps—Jasper, perhaps—when those ten long, cruel years are passed, and you find me waiting at your prison door, you will be willing to—place confidence in me again, and to let me—love you—as you once loved me."

She hid her tear-dimmed eyes in the roses, then looked timidly into his face and smiled and blushed.

"Will you—ever—let me love you, Jasper?"

"I will think about it," he answered, slowly, without even a smile. "Remember, I shall have ten years in which to make up my mind;" but there was a glow deep down in his eyes which reassured Ruth and made her feel that she should be strong to wait and hope.

The Line of Death.

A CALIFORNIA SKETCH.

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

"Hold! If you value your life don't take another step! You are upon the Line of Death! But one man ever crossed it and lived!"

It was a startling command, given in an excited tone, and although I saw nothing to warrant its need I had, nevertheless, respect enough for my friend to heed his singular warning, and accordingly stopped abrupt in my course to wait impatiently for his explanation.

We were in the Silver Mountain district, and had that morning, at my own desire, left the camp for the express purpose of exploring the wilds in that vicinity. My companion was a man who had spent half of his life in the mountains, and knew every inch of the land we were traversing. Thus when he had made the startling announcement already given, just as I had reached an opening in the forest a little in advance of him, I felt that there was some hidden meaning in his words.

"What do you mean?" I cried. "I see no danger."

"If you were not a stranger in these parts you would not ask that question" said my guide. "But, look here; you see that line where the green grass grows to the edge of the timber, above and below us, as far as you can see. Well, that is called 'The Line of Death.' If you take but one step over that line you go down into a quicksand of unknown depth. I have been in these diggings twenty odd years, and during that time no less than eight persons have gone down beneath that treacherous grass."

"But as I said, a moment ago, one person escaped."

"A few years ago there came to the mines a Mexican named Castillo Calvo. But Cast Calvo, as we used to call him, was not of the common order of Mexicans, for he was as no-

bile, true-hearted a fellow as ever lived, and he soon got to be a great favorite among the boys."

"One day as Calvo was out prospecting he chanced to come this way, and not knowing of the terrible trap that lay here he attempted to cross to the other side. But at the first step he sunk into the quicksand up to his knees, and in his frantic efforts to get out he sunk still deeper into its unknown depths."

"Not dreaming of the peril he was encountering, Calvo at first thought nothing serious of his situation; but, attempting to get upon solid footing, he slipped further and further from the bank, and still continuing to sink deeper and deeper into the frightful depths below him, without any prospect of touching bottom, he began to realize the danger menacing him, and, exercising more care than he had at first done, he labored with redoubled energy."

"But, too late! the sand yielded without resistance, and slowly but surely he felt himself drawn down, down into its dark and fathomless depths."

"As soon as he found that he could not get out alone Calvo began to shout for help, yet knowing that there was not one chance in a thousand of his being heard. Still, as he felt himself sinking deeper and deeper into the mire, he knew his only hope lay in that direction, small as it was, and he shouted louder and louder, till he was hoarse and faint."

"After crying for help till he was nearly speechless, and trying to extricate himself till he was almost exhausted, and still finding that he was only getting into the quicksand worse and worse, with no chance of his being rescued, died out. He was in nearly up to his shoulders, and it seemed as if he must perish."

"At the critical moment when death seemed so near, he suddenly thought of the lasso, which, true to the character of his race, he always carried with him. Then his hopes brightened, for it seemed as if he had one chance of escape."

"Standing a short distance from the bank was the stump of a broken-down tree, about a dozen feet in height. Quickly undoing the lasso from his person, Calvo, with the proverbial skill of his countrymen, dexterously threw the running noose over the end, where it caught and was securely held. But the movement caused him to sink still deeper into the quicksand; however, he held it not, as he supposed he could now draw himself out upon *terra firma* without difficulty."

"Poor Calvo!" Judge of his surprise and consternation when he found he could raise himself but a few inches at the most. When, after repeated trials, he found that he could not draw himself out, and at the best could only keep in his present position, he fastened the rope around his waist to save the strain upon his arms in holding his weight, and prepared for the inevitable—to pass a lonely night in that terrible place, down into the living quicksand up to his shoulders, hanging there by the lasso.

"Thus, hour after hour wore tediously away, bringing him sufferings which can be better imagined than told."

"Morning dawned at last, and soon after daybreak a party of miners chanced to pass near the place, when, hearing poor Calvo's feeble cries, they hastened to his rescue; and after considerable difficulty they succeeded in getting him out upon solid footing. But he was more dead than alive; and it was months and months before he fully recovered from the effect of that night's fearful adventure."

"There you have the story of the only person who was ever known to cross that green line and live. Now you cannot wonder why we call it 'The Line of Death.'"

Remember Benson.*

FOR THREE MALES.

Characters:

OLD BENSON, a farmer.
OLD MR. GROVER, a city merchant.
GODFREY, his son.

(Enter GODFREY and OLD BENSON. OLD B. carries a plethoric old-fashioned carpet-bag which he deposits on the side of the room as he enters. Scene in parlor or library, but little furniture is necessary.)

GODFREY. I say, Old Beeswax, what do you want? Are you deaf as a horse-block?

BENSON. The house block? It is in this block, and this is the house—No. 404. I'm looking for Ashbel Grover. Does he live here?

GODFREY. That's the governor. What does the old chap want of him? (Shouts.) I say, what do you want with the governor?

BENSON. Want of a governor? Nothing but to have him mind his business and draw his salary.

GODFREY. Bless me, but your ears are solid. (Shouts.) What do you want of a father?

BENSON. Want farther? Why, nothing. I want to see Ashbel Grover. Tell him an old friend has called to see him—a friend from the country.

GODFREY. Why, this is a pretty kettle of fish. This old codger, if he is an old friend, will probably stay some time and the governor'll just split tryin' to talk with him, so I'll have to do the talking, and go into a bronchial consumption. (Shouts.) I'll bring in the infant.

BENSON. Infant! Young man, you mistake me; I came to see Ashbel Grover, not an infant.

GODFREY. What do you mean? say?

BENSON. (In his father's ear.) He has a yellow horse he'd like to sell.

GODFREY. A yellow horse? What under heavens do I want of a yellow horse? Turn the old fool out! What did you call me out for? I've talked myself tired and sore.

BENSON. What does he say?

GODFREY. That he has hired a store.

BENSON. Hired a store? For Joseph? suppose. But enough of this. Here are the things Mrs. Pliny Green sent. Take them and much good may they do the old lunny. (Opens carpet-bag and empties out on floor a whole lot of stuff



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A BEAUTIFUL STORY

OF

High Dramatic Interest

TO COMMENCE IN NUMBER 378.

A GIRL'S HEART;

OR,

Doctor Tremaine's Wooing.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

A young girl of unacknowledged parentage, brought up under depressing influences, leads a peculiar life, and by rather simple train of circumstances is thrown in direct contact with those holding the secret of her life. Then commences the weaving of romance and the evolution of a drama of the keenest interest and excitement. The heroine is

NOT A BOLD, BRAVE GIRL,

but in her woman's devotion is braver than she knows and wiser than her persecutors ever dream; while in Doctor Tremaine the author develops a rarely-noble man, who, loving, keeps his love in leash, and walks forward in duty with a consciousness of the right that is sublime. In the

TWO INTRIGUING SISTERS

we have characters that are decidedly the author's own—resolute women doing wrong for a whole life, yet loving so well as to do ill for love's sake. It is a charmingly well-told heart and passion romance that will be perused with exceeding satisfaction.

Sunshine Papers.

A Managing Mamma.

Mrs. A. is an American, a wife, a mother, and a manager! At least all her friends acknowledge her to be the latter. Mrs. A. managed her household, her children, and her husband. She knew just what ought to be done in all cases, and said "let it be done," and it was done. Mrs. A. decided what school her children should attend, what they must study, and, having thoroughly American reverence for what is not American, that, to be properly finished, her children must travel a year abroad after leaving school. A year in Europe, she declared to admiring friends, was eminently essential to the completion of every young man's and woman's education.

Augustus and John were "finished." Finished, that is, as far as they could be at home; and their managing mamma proceeded to make her arrangements for finishing them abroad in the approved style. Vainly Mr. A. mildly remonstrated that his financial situation would not admit of such a draft upon its resources as Mrs. A. demanded for a year's European tour. Mrs. A. was a manager, and Mrs. A. managed the finances. Said she, "Jonathan, there's our country residence. You and the girls can stay in town all the season and the farm can be sold. And when the girls are married, and brought out, we can either board at some fashionable hotel, or times may be much better and you can buy another country place."

The farm was sold, and a housekeeper was hired to attend to the comforts of Mr. A. and the girls, and mamma and the boys started for Europe.

In a year mamma brought back the boys "quite finished," and one went into a mercantile house, where he still clerks it on six hundred a year, all of which salary that he can save from his board bills he expends in such costumes as correspond with the foreign airs he has assumed since his finishing process. The other youth went into a drug store, at five hundred a year, and then ran away with a banker's daughter. Being unable to support his wife and two children, the parental anger was gradually merged into pity, and pap-a-law has taken the whole family home to live and furnishes the son-in-law with a position and salary adequate to the keeping of the youth's own wardrobe in order, while mamma-in-law buys the clothes for the wife and children.

Mrs. A. wondered how it is that her sons, having been so brilliantly educated and finished, failed to do more brilliantly in life. Not that she spent any great amount of time in such unfruitful meditations, for the girls were yet to be "brought out." Their time to be finished came, and found Mrs. A.'s financial difficulties greater than ever. But this fact, and some opposition from the eldest daughter, who was receiving quite devoted attentions from an only son of wealthy parents, proved no impediment to the mother's conscientious pursuance of the path of duty.

"Jonathan," said Mrs. A., "the girls must be properly finished. When they come home, and it is known that they have been fashionably educated, and have traveled for a year in Europe, they will, of course, make good matches and be off your hands." In vain Jonathan suggested that he did not see as his boys had done any better for their "finishing." Mrs. A. retorted that girls were not like boys, and Sarah and Jane positively must go to

France, and Mr. A. must mortgage the brownstone house that the funds might be raised. The house was mortgaged, and Mrs. A., and Sarah, and Jane, bade good-by to quite a coterie of friends on the deck of a European steamer—among them Sarah's beau. And the friends went away and said that Sarah A. and Rob F. were surely engaged.

And the girls were finished and brought home, and a grand reception given, and people generally remarked that they did not see as the Misses A. were in any way improved by their European tour unless assuming no end of airs could be considered an improvement, and Rob did not renew his attentions to Sarah, and other gentlemen kept clear of the very affected, consequential young ladies, and Mr. A.'s money matters failed to mend. But Mrs. A. was a manager, and kept matters going for some time with considerable eclat. Finally, however, the secret leaked out that Mrs. A. was taking boarders; and her acquaintances did not fail to spread the news and find in it considerable amusement.

Last week Mrs. A.'s house went under the hammer, Mrs. A.'s household goods were scattered toward the four corners of the globe, and the family have moved to a half-house, in a very unfashionable quarter, and the "finished" young ladies are looking for something to do. Their managing mamma has failed to secure them husbands, and has failed, at last, even, in finding further resources, to fall back upon their necessary support, and the young ladies are, now, ungratefully reproaching that estimable woman for spending so much money on "finishing them off," that they would now like to have, to invest in spring attire.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

HASTY JUDGMENTS.
PLEASE don't be so hasty in your judgment. Think a little before you decide and reflect calmly before you condemn.

It is better to err a little on the right side. By that I mean I think it is better to imagine a person has virtues until you find out his vices than to suspect he has vices when he has more virtues.

If you have a doubt as to a person being guilty, give him the benefit of the doubt and acquit him.

You remember that poor young actor, who died upon the stage of a Western theater? As he was undergoing the torment of agonizing pain, the audience laughed at him. As paralysis was coming upon him, he vainly endeavored to explain his position—they jeered him. They did not mean to be cruel and heartless; they were hasty in their judgment, and believed the poor fellow to be drunk. This was most aggravating to think of, for the man was strictly temperate, and so the manager told the audience. Let us hope that that audience left the theater with the resolve in their hearts to be less hasty in their judgments in the future; and let us also hope they have kept to that resolve.

A person's pocket is picked on the railway train, or on the steamer; people are wont to disbelieve the story, and put down the teller as a liar. Of course he is a sharper—wants to avoid paying his fare—is either mean or dishonest. Many people might be classed in that catalogue, but not all. It's a bad enough predicament to be away from home and find out your loss, which is inconvenient and distressing enough of itself, without being classed in the category of swindlers. I am almost afraid to travel alone sometimes, on that very account. Now I don't pride myself on being good-looking, yet I've never been said to resemble a criminal, but if ever I should lose my pocket-book and ticket while traveling, I should not be the least surprised to hear a dozen voices—perhaps two dozen—exclaim: "Only see the humbug! Doesn't she look exactly like an impostor?"

Is it a pleasure to go shopping and imagine that some of the thousand little nick-nacks in the way of gloves, laces, handkerchiefs, displayed on the counter, will attach themselves to your sleeves and you suspected to be a shoplifter?

I always want a seat by myself in the cars, unless some friend is with me, for if my neighbor was to lose his or her watch, people might think I had taken it!

Too many innocent persons are suspected nowadays, and I think I shall get some one to write me a certificate of good character—will you give me one, Mr. Editor?—so that I can travel with more safety.

If you are a wife, and have to remain at home, and you hear that your husband is quite attentive to some female "down-town," don't get excited too easily, and don't have visions of a separation running through your mind. The female may be a relative—an old friend—one to whom his attention is due. Have a little more confidence in your husband; believe him to be true until you know otherwise, and all the rumors you hear concerning him, unfavorably as to his character, will go "in at one ear and out at the other."

We judge others too quickly, unthinking that they may come a time when others may judge us and condemn us as we have condemned others, while we know we are innocent, but others will not think so of us, because we have been so uncharitable as to believe others guilty who were not so.

Just think of the lovers' quarrels that might have been prevented, all the harsh words that might never have been spoken, all the cruel thoughts that might have been prevented, if persons had but been less hasty in their judgments, and had not been too proud—and foolish—to ask explanations!

We don't think about what we say; we are too apt to "flare up," to "get mad;" we don't think we live in glass houses when we are flinging stones; we are too hasty.

Oh, dear, how I have hit myself in this essay! Well, perhaps you were not aware of the fact that Eve has many weak points, much in her to correct, else she would not know the world was so faulty if she were faultless herself. If you doubt my word ask brother Tom, and he will tell you that my last remark was not a hasty judgment.

EVE LAWLESS.

TACT.—People cannot help having been born without tact; but there are occasions when it is almost impossible to be quite charitable to a tactless person. Yet people who have no tact deserve pity. They are almost always doing or saying something to get themselves into disgrace, or which does them an injury. They make enemies where they desire friends, and get a reputation for ill-nature which they do not deserve. They are also continually doing other people harm, treading on metaphorical corns, opening the cupboards where family skeletons are kept, angering people, shaming people, saying and doing the most awkward things, and apologizing for them with a still more terrible bluntness. If there is one social boon more to be desired than another it is tact; for without tact the career of the richest and most beautiful is often utterly marred.

Foolscap Papers.

Baby Show.

I WAS the proprietor of a baby show in our town last week, but not of the babies.

Anybody who has a baby likes to show it, and therefore it was well patronized.

People who did not have them borrowed them for the occasion.

There were about eight hundred on exhibition, and I did not know there were half so many in town. I think some of them were imported.

As a general rule the fathers stayed away, as they said they had enough of them at home.

The show was a regular Baby-lion, and when I surveyed it I thought of Babel. How the babes babbed!

As everybody thought they had the prettiest baby, all the babies in town were there, and were divided into two classes, boys and girls.

It was the loudest show of the season.

Although I was the manager of the show I failed in every attempt to manage.

The show was advertised only six months.

The following prizes were offered:

For the newest baby present, \$10.

For the baby that had the best development of the lungs, \$10.

For the worst baby, a spanking.

For the baby that cried all night—its father to be the judge, \$10.

For the baby that has scratched the most eyes out, \$9.

To the baby whose mother thinks there is no other baby like it, 50c.

For the baby whose father thinks it is the cross-baby in town, \$5.

For the baby who stays awake to enjoy the most spanking before it can be induced to go to sleep and then don't, \$2.

For the best deaf and dumb baby, \$50.

For the ugliest baby, \$10. (As there were no entries for this prize it was not awarded.)

For the baby that is no trouble at all—the mother's word, not the father's, taken, \$15.

For the best-looking pair of twins—said twins to be related to each other, \$10.

For the best six months' boy, broke to harness, \$10.

For the neatest last spring baby whose mother don't think it a good deal better than some other babies, \$25.

For the quietest baby that was ever born, \$15.

For the sweetest baby that was ever cradled in the lap of ages, (its grandmother), \$15.

For the one who can hold the most molasses on its face and keep it there, \$10.

For the baby that has the longest fingernails, and can use them the most, \$10.

For the worst two-year-old unbroken young one, one dollar.

For the most vociferous baby that does not cry any longer than all night for the benefit of the occupants of the story above, \$1.

For the baby that can stretch its mouth so wide that it can turn the inside of its head out and squall, \$10.

For the baby who can kick so lively that you could not hold it in a clothes-basket, or a barrel, \$10.

For the noisiest houseful of young ones up to five years old, \$10.

For the best three-year-old baby that can tumble down-stairs and then not stop squalling, \$15.

For the baby who can take hold of your beard the soonest, and let go of it the latest, \$10.

For the best-looking little red-headed baby with cross eyes and pigeon toes, \$10.

For the best two-year-old baby that can worm out of your hands like an eel in spite of all that you can do, the quickest, \$10.

For the baby that has the most hair—in its hands from your head, \$5.

For the best bottle-fed baby, \$10.

For the nice little baby that was ever born into this world, \$25. (This offer I was ever upon mature consideration, as I hadn't money enough for all.)

For the baby that can hold its breath the longest—if it is an extra cross one all the time, \$10.

For the finest-looking baby that can take castor oil the best, \$5.

For the sweetest little baby that doesn't attend this show, \$15.

No bachelors admitted unless in arms—of the girls.

The proceeds of the first night will be devoted to the purchase of parergic and soothing syrup.

No old maids or old bachelors will be permitted on the list of judges.

Babies must be accompanied by parents or guardian, and in no case will they be allowed to come here alone.

Mothers will not be permitted to pinch their neighbors' babies and make them cross.

No baby will be allowed to cry any more than it wants to, and then if possible only one at a time.

Mothers will not be allowed to make disparaging remarks about other babies, even if they are better looking than their own.

The proprietor of this show asks as a favor that none of the infants will be left on his hands when the show is over.

Admission fifty cents.

The show lasted three nights, and the squalling was so terrific it took all the frolicing off the walls, and the last night, after the prizes were distributed, there was a regular riot, and a crowd of mothers, accusing me of partiality, pounced down on me, and if I had not been rescued by the police there would not have been enough of me left to subscribe myself.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

"TAKE care of the pennies." Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will be always poor. The art is not in making money but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald, straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale-jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than your blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, not tawdry finery. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you will give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the saving's bank.

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AMOR VINCIT.

BY HENRY AESTIN.

Tantalizing weakness!
Spell-bound—oh, for shame!—
By a pair of blue eyes!
Lit by love's bright flame!

How should I be stricken
By such bewitching eyes?
I, so philosophic,
I, so wondrous wise?

I, by pride elated,
Never dreamt, oh, no!
That a woman's fancy
Could my will subdue.

I, to care for woman!
Who the sex abhorred;
Wondered what was in them
That could be adored:

Took them for pert triflers;
Painted butterflies;
Giddy laughers; mock-heroic;
Empty entities:

Laughed at tender glances,
Sneered at heaving sighs,
Looked on decorations
But as gilded lies:

Watched the gay shadows
In their private life;
Smiled at their endeavors
Empty heads to hide.

Heartiest welcome smile they
On the rich man's son;
Noses turn up at him
When the play is done.

Pleasing at the altar
Love that knows no dearth;
Making of the fireside
But a hell on earth—

Woman—I have called her
Quintessence of ill—
Taken to our bosoms
But to turn and kill;

Golden, roseate apple,
Core but poisoned ash;
Hollow, heartless nothing,
Born to lies and dash.

I had watched the mother
Solemnly, with bright eyes
How to lace her bodice,
How adjust a curl.

She, a willing pupil,
Scarce needeth art;
Mother Nature's taught her
Well to play her part.

And I thought that never
Girl would be to me
More than painted picture,
Pretty, true to see!

Vase of Nature's carving,
Wondrous piece of art,
Study for a sculptor,
Thing without a heart!

And yet two tiny feet,
Pattering along,
Cause my heart to beat like
Drum in battle's throng.

Magnet me'er was pole-witched
Magnet me'er was pole-witched
By the mellow hushes
Of a beaming eye.

And I would not give my
Love for all the loves
Ever turned half or zy
Wiser heads than Jove's.

What the End Was.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"UNA'S caprice," said Mrs. Delabar, Una's married sister, with a scornful accent. "There is no use attempting to account for her wayward freaks. Mother will not and I cannot keep her under control. Your opinion would have weight with her, if you chose to exert it, Jerome. If it were my case I would not like my fiancee to make associates of that sort."

Jerome Carlisle had his back squared against a pillar, not that the pillar needed propping up, indeed, but he was constitutionally lazy, and one might fancy that he had registered a vow in heaven or elsewhere never to stand upright while a support stood which would afford him a leaning place.

"Ah, yes; if it were your case there would be all the difference in the world. I hope you are not going to judge me by that faithless Delabar, though. When my heart ceases to point to the load star of my existence!"

"Nonsense! Don't be ridiculous, please. If I had any fear for you, do you suppose I would take the trouble to put the teaching creature in your thoughts? If we pair her off with that Mr. Lorrimer she will not be very much in the way, and I want your co-operation in doing it."

"Mrs. Delabar turning matchmaker! By Jove! it strikes me Lorrimer is capable of sparing you the trouble. Pity the only available gentleman of the lot of us should be such a general favorite, isn't it? You generous soul, don't fret. Rather than the new addition to our party should feel herself slighted, I'll endure the boredom of trying to do the agreeable myself. A teacher, did you say? An intellectual damsel, then, I suppose. It's a deuced deal of trouble, but I'll furbish up my wits and ready for her."

"He stood there like Patience on a monument," said Mrs. Delabar, relating the conversation to her mother later; "and, upon my word, I don't know now whether he was half-asleep or laughing in his sleeve at my anxiety. While you persist in remaining blind where Claude Lorrimer is concerned, I must be skeptical regarding human penetration."

"Lucette is never happy unless she is harping on some grievance which has its existence in her imagination only," said Una, who, pausing upon the threshold had heard the remark. "What that poor Mr. Lorrimer has done to merit her antagonism is one of those things which no one may find out. Bess tells me that Miss Wallis has come. Have either of you seen her?"

"Not I," Mrs. Delabar answered for herself, curtly.

"My dear," said Mrs. Brooke, "I left or orders that the young person should be shown up to her room directly she should arrive, and—"

"And it is quite time the young person was having some attention paid her," cut in Una, imperiously. "I told you, Lucette, and I tell you now, mamma, I am not going to have Bertha Wallis majestically snubbed as music-teachers generally are in this house. It was very well while it was Miss Hagge, snuffy old thing! but poor little Bertha has quite enough of shadow life in that dingy seminary. I know all about her from the preceptress, and I am bound she shall have a glimpse of sunshine now if never before."

She passed on with that, singing as she went in the same spirit of defiance which shone forth from her brightly handsome face:

"My day is to-day, and to-morrow be!"

"When, indeed!" thought Mrs. Delabar, grimly. "What with the stupidity of all these people it is likely to be when too much of your own sweet will loses you the best catch of a lifetime, my dear."

Bertha Wallis came timidly forward as that radiant apparition entered. It seemed like a dream to her yet, the piece of good fortune which had wafted her to Brooke Villa. It was

a very practical affair so far as Madame Lanier, the preceptress, was concerned. Every year since Una Brooke graduated from her establishment Madame had received a present when the family came down to their country-house, and very willingly sent her music-teacher to play polkas and waltzes to the gay young company thronging the villa from the time of their coming until their departure. That the young pupil-teacher had been promoted to fill the vacancy occasioned by Miss Hagge's withdrawal—

Then as Bertha persisted: "What is at the bottom of this sudden resolution, my dear? Something, I know."

Bertha was too eminently truthful to say "Nothing," as most girls would have done.

"I can't tell you. I am not ungrateful to you, Miss Brooke, but I must go back."

Bertha was too considerate to urge her further.

"I will see that some one drives you over in the morning," she said. "The moment Bertha was gone she left her room, passed down the silent stairway, out into the night, and so on to the stable over which was the coachman's room, and surprised honest Jem by volunteering him a leave of absence for the next two days.

The younger people had gone riding next morning, Mrs. Brooke, who was half an invalid, had not left her room, and Mrs. Delabar was closeted with the housekeeper, when Bertha came down in her simple outdoor attire. She was leaving the villa with as little attention as she had entered there, but with a weight of dull misery bearing down her joyous spirit now.

A light of surprise flashed over her face as Jerome came forward to meet her. He explained very quietly that he was to drive her over in place of Jem, absent.

If she had expected he would renew his protestations of the previous day, she was mistaken. Very little was said during the earlier part of the ride. The horse, a spirited thoroughbred, went at a quick, untiring pace, bearing them swiftly over the dusty high-road, and through green country lanes. At last the glaring red brick walls of the seminary were visible, and Bertha pointed the building out to him just before they entered a fringe of grove overhanging a deep, dark ravine.

He turned to her then as the cool shadow of the wood fell over them, speaking hurriedly:

"There is something I wish to say to you which I am not free to say yet. I think I shall be soon. Forgive me for yesterday, and say that I may come to see you to-morrow."

The truth was, he had endeavored to have an interview with Una before setting out, but she had baffled him. What Bertha's answer would have been will never now be known.

At the instant some unseen sportsman near fired his piece. Started by the report, Carlisle's horse made a sudden spring which jerked the reins from his hand. He leaned forward and strove to regain them, shouting to the horse, but the frenzied creature was past obeying his command; it made a mad plunge forward, for the space of a breath they were poised upon the brink above the ravine, then all went over the precipitous steep.

The next Bertha knew was the horror of seeing Carlisle pinned fast by the body of the dead horse, himself as white and still as death. She never felt her own hurts. She strove frantically, with futile efforts, to release him from that crushing weight. Failing, she crept down to the rivulet which trickled through the shadow below, and wetting her handkerchief bathed his pallid face, chafing his hands and calling his name in that agony which would not permit her to remain inactive.

She had thought him dead from the first, but a change came. The closed lids lifted, and a passion as strong as life was in the look.

"I think I am dying," he said, in a weak whisper. "Dearest love, remember—I die—loving you."

She had to stoop low to catch those feeble accents. It was as if the wavering spirit had been recalled to give her that assurance, for afterward carved marble could not have seemed more lifeless than he. Feeling strangely quiet and numb, Bertha also felt that all the glory of life had fled for her.

It was not strange that she had a fever after that day's shock. When consciousness came again, she was in her own bed in a corner of the big, silent dormitory, with the preceptress standing over her. She had no merciful forgetfulness; memory came to her with her first awakening. She asked but one question.

"When did he die?"

"Who, my dear? Oh, Mr. Carlisle. He did not die at all. He is almost entirely recovered. I believe, although we do not hear now as when he was at the villa. They all left there soon after Una's marriage. You are not to talk, my dear."

Bertha had no desire to talk after that. She had no desire to live, but despite her wish life prevailed. A life so flat and dreary, so barren of all promise or hope, he wondered if she would ever become reconciled to it. She was wondering that for the hundredth time as a gentleman came up through the grounds, and was directed to the sunny south room where the convalescent sat. She gave a breathless cry as he appeared before her, and pressed her hands hard above her fiercely-beating heart.

"My love! My darling! At last!"

She kept him back by a repelling gesture.

"Mr. Carlisle, you forget. Una—your wife—"

"I have no wife. I will have none except you. Have they not told you? Do you not know that Una eloped with Lorrimer and married him that day, and so gave me the freedom I would have asked?"

And surely, further, record is not required to go.

Sowing the Wind;
OR,
THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRAETH," "WAS SHE HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.
A GIRL'S HUMILIATION

THE trio that gathered around the breakfast-table that morning were outwardly as usual—pleasant, courteous, well-dressed—but to Rose St. Felix' keen perception there was something very decidedly amiss in Jocelyne. On to Mrs. Ithamar's pale, grave face she read the signs of the conflict he had undergone through the long, woful hours of the night.

Her interest was instantly on the *qui-vive*. Was it possible that Mr. Ithamar had found it past his strength to keep his secret longer, and in a moment of passion and weakness told Jocelyne he loved her?

Her eyes shone with lurid gleams among their beautiful blue shadows at the very thought, and with pleasant outward serenity she seated and chatted in her most enchanting way, she was mentally resolving that such a thing, although it might occur, for that was beyond her power to restrain, still, Jocelyne Merle never

should come between her and the man she had sworn to win, by fair means or foul.

Jocelyne was quieter than usual, and Mr. Ithamar noticed she ate very little, and that her eyes were heavy and drooping, but he said nothing at the time beyond a courteous inquiry after her health, which she answered with her usual sweet graciousness.

After breakfast Mr. Ithamar retired to his library, his usual custom; Rose dressed for a walk in the park, hoping to banish the last traces of her nervous prostration, and Jocelyne went directly back to her room, where a bright, cheery fire was burning in the open grate, before which her maid had wheeled a low silk chair.

"You complained of being so chilly, Miss Jocelyne. Lie down, and I will cover the af-

ternoon again, and he thought how she must love him!

What should he advise her? What was he to say that should not be tainted with prejudice, the prejudice of his own great passion for this girl? And as he thought, his anger and rage rose against the man who had dared win his jewel under such vile circumstances—who dared think of another woman while his troth was plighted to Jocelyne.

And Jocelyne saw the flush on his face, and the flash in his eyes, and the stern compression of his lips.

"You are not going to be angry with me for telling you, Guardy, are you?"

She laid her hand impulsively on his arm.

"Angry with you, my—Jocelyne?" and he accompanied the words with a glance of reproof into the pleading, pitiful eyes. "Never angry with you, little girl—I was fearing perhaps if I said just what I thought, you might be angry with me."

"Oh, no, indeed! I want you to tell me just what I ought to do, Guardy, and I will obey you."

Tell her what she ought to do! And she would obey him! If he only dare tell her to forget Kenneth Richmond, and come to him for his very own love forever!

But, that was the prompting of selfishness, so Mr. Ithamar did not say it. Instead, he laid his pen impatiently.

"Miss Jocelyne is ill. I am sure. You had better tell Jonas to go for Dr. Payne, while I go upstairs."

The girl seemed reluctant to obey the hurried order.

"Please excuse me, sir, but I don't think Miss Jocelyne is sick, at least not now, not sick enough for a doctor. She seems in distress of mind, sir—and please don't tell her I said it, but she never went to her room at all last night."

Mr. Ithamar's face paled.

"Never went to her room at all!" Pauline, what do you mean?"

"She was in the drawing-room, sitting in the big yellow chair until near daylight this morning. I went softly in and out, to watch her, all night, but she didn't notice it, sir. And this morning, early, she came to her room, and hadn't been in bed but a few minutes when she fainted, and laid so a long while."

Mr. Ithamar's face blanched still more.

"And you never called me—you never alarmed the housewife! Pauline, how dared you?"

She looked earnestly at him.

"Indeed, faints are nothing, and Miss Jocelyne often has them. She's not as strong as one would think sir."

"Not strong," his darling, his one ewe lamb that he would so love to carry in his breast forever! His stern lips quivered, and he turned his face away.

"Tell Miss Jocelyne I will go to her at once," he said, and almost by the time the message was delivered he was tapping at her door.

Jocelyne's low, sweet voice answered him promptly, making every nerve in his body quiver at sound of it, and he went into her room, that was so sunshiny and warm and womanly in all its elegance of luxury.

Jocelyne had left the lounge, and was sitting in a low spring rocker beside the fire, looking so piteously pale, with her big dark eyes looking at him all with the wistfulness she felt, her sweet mouth quivering with her woe.

Mr. Ithamar took a seat on the couch, alarmed at her appearance.

"And you are why Jocelyne! Pauline said you were not ill, and you certainly are. I shall send for Payne at once!"

He was speaking very gravely, and his face was bright with a low, gentle voice that would speak to his heart.

"And you are a true woman, little girl! It remains for you to decide your own destiny."

He had arisen, and was standing before her, his face so eloquent with grave misery, when Pauline rapped lightly at the door.

"If you please, Miss Jocelyne. Mr. Richmond wishes you in the drawing-room immediately, if convenient!"

Jocelyne glanced up in Mr. Ithamar's eyes, that smiled cheerfully, encouragingly in her pale, wild face.

He stooped and touched her chilly forehead with his lips, as he passed out.

"Be true to yourself, Jocelyne. Follow the dictates of your heart, and all will be well."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

The consternation of Kenneth Richmond upon discovering that he had lost the letter which he had prided himself no one would ever know he possessed, much less Jocelyne Merle, can well be imagined—better imagined than described.

He did not miss it from his pocket that night of his return from Westwood, but almost the first thing in the morning he ran to the discovery.

His first impulse

you so ably recite what have doubtless been his instructions."

Her lips curled with a sneer she tried to repress.

"Mr. Ithamar's counsel is never to be questioned. He thinks with me that only a person of very questionable principles would be guilty of the act you have committed."

Richmond was hoarse with passion as he answered. He had only put his previous hint to her as a feeler to ascertain if Mr. Ithamar was in possession of the facts.

"Then he knows of it, does he? And he dares—"

Her indignant face, as much as her authoritative voice, interrupted him.

"Alas! I will listen to no discourtesy toward the best, dearest friend I have in the world."

Richmond sneered.

"Doubtless the 'dearest friend,' and ambitions for promotion! But if he has attempted to interfere between you and I tell you, fairly, Jocelyne, he will curse the day, as I curse him for his base treachery in—"

She looked him full in the eyes a second, and it seemed as if the grand contempt, the noble superiority of the girl would pierce him through. He felt his great inferiority, his vulgarity, the impurity of his long career of sin, as he never had imagined he could; and his eyes were down before the steady purity of light that glowed lambently in her own. He was anguished and hopeless at that time, and Jocelyne saw on his face the deathly pallor, and in his naturally bright eyes the luster of his rage.

"Jocelyne"—and he stepped nearer her, and his voice was low and husky with suppressed passion—"I rode over from Summer Hill this morning to go down on my knees before you, and implore you to forgive and overlook this first, only error I have committed against you. I came humbly, heart-crushed, expecting to find you indignant, and prepared to stoné, by any means in my power. But I find there has been interference—no, Jocelyne, I shall not hesitate to say what I have to say—I find there has been interference between us by your guardian, who is only too glad of an opportunity to set me adrift; because, Jocelyne, he worships you in his heart, and loves you no other than."

A hot crimson stain surged over her face, and she lifted her haughty little head with the air of a queen who demands silence.

"I certainly shall not listen to another word. I have no wish to quarrel with you; indeed, I regret there has been any unkind words spoken."

Richmond took her words, her manner, which had changed to a sorrowing sadness, literally.

He sprang toward her, his countenance wearing the look of a man who, while he appreciates the desperate hopelessness of his condition, is equally desperate in the determination to leave no stone unturned to secure a possible chance.

Now Richmond dropped his head, and his voice was intense with pleading.

"I deserve—reproach, more unkind words than you ever could speak, Jocelyne! I deserve your contempt, your anger, your coldness. I will confess my folly, my accursed folly. I swear it was no more! and beg you to forgive me, this once—only this once, Jocelyne! I have never offended you before; I never will again! I assure you this that angers you so is only a passing folly."

He was terribly in earnest; but Jocelyne met him with nothing beyond calm, sweet coolness.

"I do not look upon it in that light. To me it is proof conclusive of your innate falsity and treacherousness."

"You are hard, awfully hard on me, Jocelyne! Can you not comprehend that I am suffering enough, not to add your icy reproofs to my own reproachings? You will not understand that it is the first time I ever sinned against you in thought or word, and I swear it shall be the last. I am humble and penitent, and surely my suffering should alone for my error. Jocelyne, you must, you shall forgive me!"

He was the very picture of desperate pleading, as he stood before her, with his pale face convulsed with alarm and fear that this prize was lost to him; and Jocelyne's gentle heart was moved to pity by his drooping head and clenched hands. Her face, that had been stern, grew pitying, and she spoke very gently to him.

"What can I say, what must I do? Ithamar, surely, you, a man of the world, cannot be sentimentally romantic enough to make a bugbear of such a silly trifle as a letter written to a fellow?"

As your opinion goes, Mr. Richmond, I am not good enough for the world—at least not such a man of the world as to pass lightly over the breach of faith and honor of which you have been guilty toward my ward."

Richmond felt in his very soul that scarcely the ghost of a chance remained to him, and, in proportion as his hopes faded, his energy to win against them increased.

He was holding his horse in with strong hands, while the glossy, beautiful creature pawed haughtily, impatiently; his face was pale, his eyes full of that earnestness that comes to one's eyes in moments of such desperation of struggle as had come to him.

"What can I say, what must I do? Ithamar, you have been foolish, accidentally foolish, and to you, a fellow-man, I will not attempt to deny it. But I, I only when you, as a man, must understand and appreciate that."

Mr. Ithamar looked at him with a little flash in his own eyes.

"Allow me to interrupt, Mr. Richmond—I cannot understand or appreciate anything of what you said."

"Your talk of honor—you?"

The sharp scorn brought a red flush to Richmond's cheek.

"Please do not, Mr. Richmond."

He looked reproachfully at her.

"I thought you had forgiven me, Jocelyne! Add to your mercy, and tell me once, only once, that you love me as before, Jocelyne!"

He looked down in her pure, pale face, that showed so plainly the traces of the storm that had swept so roughly over her, his eyes full of eager passion. Her lovely red lips trembled, and her white drooping lids quivered as she felt his glance; then she looked up, gravely.

"I cannot say so, ever again, Mr. Richmond, because it would not be true."

His face darkened suddenly.

"Your forgiveness is a strange thing, Jocelyne. After all, this one misstep of mine has taught me to have more respect."

"Oh, no, Mr. Richmond, I do not hate you," she answered, in her sweet, pitying voice, and lifting her sad, grand eyes to his. "I do not hate you, but I must tell you the truth—and that is, I do not love you—indeed, I am afraid I never have loved you. It is a dreadful thing to confess," she went on, sadly, with her eyes full of tears that stood, a bright mist on her dark lashes, while the faint color altered on her cheeks with her deadly paleness. "I feel sure I have been mistaken in my feelings toward you. Even before this, I have felt a vague unrest, a strange misgiving concerning our happiness, that has come to complete knowledge now. Mr. Richmond, I do not love you."

She spoke as if every word hurt her in the utterance, yet with a frankness that attested their truthfulness.

Richmond listened wrathfully.

"And for the sake of this romantic feeling you entertained in common with all other girls, added to this wretched little nonsensical affair, you cancel your engagement with me, without a thought of how I am affected by your deliberate cruelty!"

Her face crimsoned under his savage tones.

"I must keep faith with myself, Mr. Richmond. I would never marry a man in whom I did not have perfect trust and confidence, and—"

He interrupted her, sharply, bitterly.

"In a word, as you feel toward Mr. Itha—"

Her face fairly blanched under his fierce glare, but she met him with the refined courtesy that never failed him.

"I am tired of discussion, Mr. Richmond. We're to talk all day we never would better understand ourselves than now. I have said our engagement is at an end, and you will please regard my decision final."

Her gentle dignity, her imperious graciousness, was not without its effect upon him. He regarded her a moment in a silence whose tempest of emotion would have been difficult to analyze.

Then he bowed.

"I beg permission to consult with your guardian before I regard our engagement at an end. Good-morning."

He went away, keeping up the appearance of determination to the very end.

And Jocelyne walked to the door and felt for the knob through her tear-dim eyes, and went

up to her room, and locked the door, and threw herself on the floor beside the couch, burying her beautiful dusky head wildly among the cushions.

"I have done what he told me. I was true to my own heart! I never loved Mr. Richmond—I know it now, and I love Guardy—I love him! And he only regards me as a child, and I should be false and cruel to stand by and see her deliberately ruin your life by marrying you. More, even if Miss Merle had suggested her intention of passing over your disloyal treachery, I should feel constrained, after this interview, to advise her, with every argument at my command, to reconsider her decision. Therefore you can see, sir, that between Sunset Hill and Westwood there need be no further communication."

He was every inch the master, the master, as he bowed courteously and rode off, leaving Richmond in a perfect white heat of fury, as he gazed after him, with bloodshot eyes and ghastly face.

"Kicked out like a dog! No further communication between Sunset Hill and Westwood! Every hope I had built on is torn away; every plan on which I had depended, as a last resource, vanished! Jocelyne!—my God, I never knew how I loved her—Jocelyne lost to me!"

He sat so still several moments that he might have been petrified for all the signs of life he gave. Then, with a long, deep breath, he pulled the rein of his horse and galloped to Sunset Hill, with one hissing curse on his white lips.

"If heaven or hell or earth can come to me to make him run this day, he shall ride it—run it till he will wish he had never been born! I swear it!"

(To be continued—continued in No. 372.)

CHAPTER XV.

A MAN'S SCORN AND A VILLAIN'S OATH.

As Kenneth Richmond had said, he was impatient to see Mr. Ithamar, and endeavor to obtain the influence in his behalf he had not the slightest belief would be accorded, and yet, with the desperate pertinacity of a man whose dearest hopes and fondest ambition are at stake, he was resolved to leave no task undone that might contribute to his success.

And her slight frame trembled like an aspen as she knelt there, fully conscious of the great truth, the great presumption of the truth that, between her, in her sweet humility and unselfishness, no promise of happiness.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CRETAN SCORN AND A VILLAIN'S OATH.

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"If heaven or hell or earth can come to me to make him run this day, he shall ride it—run it till he will wish he had never been born! I swear it!"

"The face was pale, haggard and sad-looking—the face of Kaloolah.

A motion of Paul attracted her attention, and for an instant he believed she was going to swoon away; but she quickly recovered herself, waved her hand, and disappeared from the stern port.

An instant after two sad, pale faces filled the aperture, and Paul Malvern was face to face with Kaloolah and Zuleikah.

"Keep up good heart; we are on your track. Whither bound?" he asked in French, which he knew Al Siraft understood.

"To Istanbul—to the harem of Al Siraft."

It was all that Zuleikah could say, and her voice was choked with emotion.

The next moment a black face peered above the shoulders of the maidens. It was Eldrene, the Ethiopian.

Paul caught the evil glare of her eyes, the glitter of her white teeth, and knew that he was recognized.

"Pull for the shore! For your life, pull! Here is gold."

The boatman sent the caique flying over the waters, and throwing him reward Paul sprang on shore.

As he did so he glanced back toward the tartar.

Eldrene, the negress, was on deck, talking excitedly to an officer, and pointing shoreward.

Hastily he walked along, and coming to a bazaar sought shelter within upon the plea of making some purchases.

An hour after, with his arms filled with bundles of goods he had bought, he issued forth, and glanced out upon the port. The tartar was away, flying seaward under a heavy pressure of canvas.

"Thank God! they are for the present safe. Al Siraft remains here. Now to rescue poor De los, if he is yet alive."

So muttering Paul walked rapidly toward the khan where he was stopping, and depositing his burdens again sauntered forth in search of news regarding Julian Delos.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TALISMAN.

CAUTIOUS but diligent inquiry discovered to Paul Malvern that Julian Delos lay a prisoner in the hands of Rhithymnas—that he had been recognized by some Turk, who had met him abroad, as the exiled Cretan, and was to be almost immediately put to death.

This was terrible news to Paul; but his interest in the safety of Julian did not falter; he would rescue his friend or perish with him.

But insurmountable objects seemed to confront him; how was he to overcome them?

Long he lay meditating and endeavoring to decide upon some plan of action; but the more he thought the more puzzled and worried he became.

Then, when he had worked himself into a fever of excitement, his eyes fell upon the signet ring he wore.

In an instant he was on his feet; his face flushed, his eyes shining.

"Ha! I have it! I will go at once to the commandant of the fortress and demand his release. No, I will seek Al Siraft himself."

His plan of action was soon formed. He again called upon his host.

"Go out and purchase for me a suit worthy of a Turkish lord; here is gold."

The host disappeared, and an hour after Paul Malvern issued from the khan attired magnificently as a Turkish noble.

Wending his way to the mansion of Al Siraft he saluted the Moslem sentinel and demanded an audience with the pasha.

"His highness, the pasha, is engaged, my lord," said the soldier, politely.

"Still I would see him; I have important business with him," responded Paul.

The sentinel called to an aide-de-camp, who, learning Paul's desire, at once departed; but he returned soon after with the remark:

"The slippers of his highness are at the door of the harem; I cannot now enter. My lord must enter the ante-room and wait the pasha's pleasure."

Paul knew it was useless to urge further, so he entered the waiting-room.

Yet he was surprised to learn that Al Siraft had a harem in Crete. He had imagined that, being in service in the field, he would have his wives and favorites at his kiosk in Constantinople. He was more than delighted to find that Kaloolah and Zuleikah had been sent away from Rhodes.

After a long and dreary search he found the khan, a rambling half-ruined old structure, as most of the houses in Crete.

As he rapped for admittance the moonlight was just paling beneath the approach of day, and the distant cone of Mount Ida rose grim and spectral in the distance.

He was at once admitted, and a piece of gold secured him good accommodations, notwithstanding his humble attire.

Worn out by his long walk and the suspense he had undergone, Paul at once threw himself down to rest upon a soft, softly cushioned couch in the corner of the room.

When he awoke it was crepuscule, until the hour was getting late, and then the aide showed him the presence of the pasha.

As he soon rigged himself out in, and after a hearty breakfast, sauntered forth to see if he could make any discoveries regarding the captive maidens or of Julian Delos.

A walk of an hour an hour brought him in front of an imposing edifice, the residence of the kaimakan, or governor, Khalim Bey.

As he stood gazing upon the busy scene in front of the mansion, for soldiers and officers were upon every hand, a man of splendid appearance, and brilliantly uniform

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The seamen shrunk back, for they felt that they were in the presence of some one authority, and with humble bows they hurried away.

"Well, Mesrak, how is it I find you here?" Julian drew the slave into the light of a candle window.

"Signor, I am here on my way back to Constantinople, and I owe you my life," humbly said the slave.

"Did my lieutenant give you the gold I promised?"

"He did, signor; he gave me gold in plenty, and my freedom, as you promised; but I was returning to Istanbul, and the vessel touched here and I left her, as the seamen suspected me of having treasure; but they came ashore after me, and were dragging me again on board, where they would have robbed and killed me, had you, signor, not prevented."

"Why do you return to Istanbul, Mesrak?"

"My mother is there, signor—she is yet a slave. I would have her with me."

Julian was silent a moment, and then he said:

"We are also returning to Istanbul, Mesrak; we leave here on the first vessel that clears for the Bosphorus. You shall go with us, and be my slave for the present. Serve me well, and I will give you ten times the gold I have already given you—ay, and I will bring you and your mother safely from the land of the Turk."

"My life is in your hands, signor; I will serve you," earnestly responded Mesrak, who was greatly delighted at his escape from the sailors, and felt that he could freely trust Julian, as he had given him a half full of gold.

A further search discovered a comfortable-looking khan, and the landlord was called up and quarters assigned to the traveler.

Two days in Mitylene, and they took passage on a French schooner bound to Constantinople, and after a quick run the vessel dropped anchor in the Golden Horn, and Paul Malverne and Julian Delos found themselves once more in the busy metropolis of the Turks, where a price was upon their heads, and peril would confront them at every turn.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

UNCLE NED'S DEFENSE.

My bredren an' sistahs, I rise foh to 'spain Dis mattah dat you's talkin' about—I hopes to make it plain.

I's been berry dat de t'ing hab come befo' de ch'nah.

Foh when I splains it you will see dat it am nuffa much.

My friends, your humble speakah, while trabblin' here below,

Hab neber cared to hoard up gold an' silver foh to show;

We's only stoppin' here a spell; we all hab got to die.

An' so I always tries to lay my treasahs up on high.

Dar's jest one ting dat pesters me, an' dat am dis, you see.

De ravens fed old 'Lijah, but de critters won't feed me.

Dey's jest above dar business, an' jest goes swoopin' in roun'.

An' neber turns to look at me a watin' on de groun'.

I waited mighty sartain like; my faith was pow'ful strong;

I reckoned dat dem pesky birds would shuably be along;

But, oh my frien'y hearahs, my faith it cotched a fall.

De aggravatin' fowls went by, an' neber stopped at all.

De meal an' flour' was almos' gone, de pork bar' gittin' low.

An' so one day I cluded dat I had bettah go.

Bruder Johnson's late patch an' borrow jest a few.

Twas evenin' 'fore I got to start, I had so much to do.

It happened dat de night was dark, but dat I didn't min'.

I knowned de way to dat ar patch, 'twas easy nuff to fin'.

An' den I didn't car to meet dat Johnson, for I knowned.

Dat han'ed sass me 'bout de mess ob 'taters dat I owed.

I got de baskit full at las', an' tuk 'em on my back.

An' den was gwine to tote 'em home, when somethin' went ker whack.

I thought it was a cannon, but it jest turned out to be.

Dat Johnson's ole hoss pistil a pointin' straight to me.

I tried to argufy wid him; I "poligized a heap,

But he said dat stealin' 'taters was mean as stealin' sheet.

Ob course I couldn't take dat ar, it had an ugly soon'.

De only ting foh me to do was jest to knock him down.

My bredren an' sistahs, de story am all told

(Of course I pounded Johnson till he yelled fo me to help).

An' so I hopes you 'grees wid me dat dis yere case, an' such,

Am berry trifling mattahs to fatch befo' de ch'u'h.

Silver Sam;

or, The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE BULLWHACKER RISES TO EXPLAIN.

NEVER was there a girl more astonished!

Robert Peyton—Montana—the husband of Diana Campbell! And he had been the lover of his sister, too! What was the meaning of this mystery?

No recent marriage, either, for the certificate was evidently old with age. Mercedes had not noticed the date, but it was clear to her that the marriage could not have transpired since the death of Juliet.

What manner of man, then, was this Montana—this Robert Peyton—for there was no doubt now that Montana was indeed Robert Peyton—to have two love affairs at the same time, and endeavor, too, now to secure her affections, knowing full well that his own wife was living?

Could it be possible that he was such a base villain?

He certainly did not show it in his face.

In utter perplexity Mercedes resumed her seat, her mind filled with vague and strange apprehensions.

The darker the clouds gathered about the head of Montana, the more she felt she loved him; it was a fatal passion; whether could it lead but to sin and shame?

Mercedes' meditations were rudely and abruptly interrupted, for the door opened suddenly and a frowsy, unkempt head, surmounted by a battered-up old silk hat, made its appearance.

"Skin me fur buffer-robe of this hyer ain't the very identical shanty!" and then into the shop walked the Boss Bullwhacker of Shian.

"Howdy? Reckon I see you, marm!" continued the giant, ducking his head in a sociable sort of way. "I specks you remember me; Bludsoe—Jimmus Bludsoe, own cousin to the ingeneer of the Per-a-rie Belle, 'an' I'll keep her nozzle ag'in' the bank till the last galoot's ashore! That's me, marm, that's my platform to a ha'r. Never say die as long as that's a mule left that kin shake a leg! Say, mebbe you remember me a-tradin' with you for some cigars t'other day?"

"Yes, sir, I remember it," and she recollects perfectly well, too, the letter which she had obtained from him.

"Wa-al, you little she-woman, you've got me into a heap of difficulty!" the giant gravely announced.

"Yes?"

"Durn my ole mule's left leg! ef 'tain't so!" Mr. Bludsoe replied. "Mebbe you remember that I tried to git up a trade with you."

"Yes, sir, I believe so."

"An' you wouldn't have it; no idee of fun 'bout you women folk, anyway; but you can't help it; natur' fixed it; all you're fit fur is to cook slappacks an' bale inions an' sick like, Wa-al! as I were a-sayin', we traded—fur cash—solid basis, reglar ol' hard time rocks, an' when I went fur to light my cheroot, I were a-gwine to use an ole letter, but you fatched me a reg'lar lighter instead."

"Yes, sir."

"Wa-al, now, ma'am, the question afore the meetin' is, w'ar is that air durned ole letter?"

"The letter—" said Mercedes, slowly, reluctantly to yield her prize.

"Yes, ma'am, that's the p'int we're heading fur! The fact of the matter is, that's bin a heap o' row kicked up about that 'tarnal ole pistol.' You see, ma'am, I was with a few of the boys, enjoyin' myself like a gent'l'man, in the Big Horn saloon, when I happened jes' by accident to show t'other ole letter. You must know, marm, I found these hyer two letters a piece down on the per-a-rie; they war jes' a-lyin' on the site, sayin' nothin' to nobody, an' I picked them up. The flaps of the envelopes war open—rain did it, they say now—durn me if I know, or care either. I thought that they had been heaved away by some pilgrim, an' I jes' stuck 'em in my pocket without thinkin'. Wa-al, I slung one of 'em away in hyer t'other day, an' as I sed, I pulled t'other one out of my pocket up inter the saloon, an' I thought that was a Paddywhacker—that air Paddy Pud, you know, the Irisher that pulls the reins over the express hack—durn the man wot drives horses when that's good muels able to kick a fay off their ears with their hind hoof to be had! Wa-al! that little Irish galoot!"

"I speak respectfully of him, 'kase I courted a Dublin gal onc't—me an' her split 'kase she sed her ha'r was auburn, when it was redder'n thunder, an' I couldn't go sich nonsense—wa-al, the minit he seen'd the letter, he jumped at me like a durned ole bull-terrier, an' sed he, 'See hyer, byes, this is the baste that robs the mail, bad 'ess to him, Silver Sam!' As I sed afore, marm, I'm kinder partial to the Patlanders on account of that cook with the red ha'r, an' I didn't kill the little cub, but I slung him playfully through the winder—I calculate I'll owe old Dick Skelly 'bout ten dollars fur that air glass that was smashed for the next ten years, although I offered fur to go out-side an' fight him like a man fur to see who should squar' the damage. Wa-al, the long an' the short of the matter is, that them air two letters were stolen outen the mail by this hyer Silver Samuel, whoever he is, durned of I know! an' they swar' that they'll hang me fur highway robbery if I don't bring them back."

Mercedes produced the letter very reluctantly; she was loth to part with it, although she had puzzle her to have told what possible use it could be to her.

She believed that Montana had written the lines, although he had disguised his hand so that it was almost impossible to recognize it; but still it was just possible that he had not written the letter.

Then a bright idea occurred to the girl.

"The letter was torn in two so I pasted it together," she said. "It is only written on one side; it doesn't make any difference."

"Oh, no, in course not."

"It is written by Mr. Jabez Smith," she observed, glancing at the signature as if she had noticed it for the first time. "Was the other letter so signed?"

"No, marm, that ole store-keeper cuss, Tom-black wrote it."

"And does Mr. Smith claim this letter?"

The bullwhacker looked astonished.

"Smith! who in thunder's he?"

"I don't know; don't you?"

"Smith, Smith!" muttered Bludsoe, reflectively. "Unkinmon name! reckon I don't know any Smith in Deadwood."

"Who and claims the letter, then?"

"Why, the ole post-office galoot, Tommy Black."

"And what right has he to another man's letter?" Mercedes questioned. "You see, the envelope is destroyed. If I were you I should not give the letter up except to Mr. Smith in person."

"Wa-al, now, that is kinder hossense, isn't it?" remarked the bullwhacker, musingly.

"Let Mr. Smith—there is his name plainly signed Jabez Z. Smith—let him come forward and claim his letter."

"Ke-rekt, by thunder! an' when he does come, by Cain, he'll have to treat or fight! Durn my wagon-tops if I'm gwine to pay for nothin'! I ain't a post-office, nor an express-hack, by a jugfull! Ef it hadn't 'a' bin fur that red-haired gal I'd eat that Paddywhacker fur sarcin' me, though he smells strong enuff of whisky fur to answer for a sig for any distillery in the hull durned Illinois country."

"Durn my lead mule's right-hand tail!" he exclaimed, as he caught his toe against a good-sized bowlder and tumbled over it; "it's as cussed dark as three black cats up a blind alley chased by the Jack o' spades!"

And then, suddenly, from behind one of the scrubby trees stepped a tall, dark form.

The straggling rays of the feeble moonlight, struggling through the dark clouds overhead, gleamed fitfully upon the shining tube of a revolver, glistening in the stranger's hand, and had remained there undisturbed, for the "Madame," as Kate was usually called, rather admired the sublime impudence of the mule-driver, and as trade was slack and the room not needed, she had allowed him to remain in peace.

The night was dark, the moon not yet being fairly up, and just before coming to the den of evil repute the way ran through some scrub pines. A more lonely spot could not have been found for miles around, and yet it was within a few hundred yards of the town.

Bludsoe's head was not as clear as it might have been, and his walk was decidedly unsteady as he entered the little clump of bushes.

"Durn my lead mule's right-hand tail!" he exclaimed, as he caught his toe against a good-sized bowlder and tumbled over it; "it's as cussed dark as three black cats up a blind alley chased by the Jack o' spades!"

And then, suddenly, from behind one of the scrubby trees stepped a tall, dark form.

"I pass, stranger; pull light on that air trigger, for durn me if I want to start a grave-yard hyer!" the bullwhacker cried.

And Mr. Bludsoe elevated his hands with a gentle grace that was really charming.

"How are you fixed?" inquired the road-agent, thus evincing a solicitude in regard to the financial condition of the man-from-Shian, that was truly delightful, considering that the questioner was an entire stranger.

"Broke," responded Bludsoe, tersely.

"Is that so?"

"Fact! if mines were sellin' fur ten dollars apiece I ain't got dust enuff to buy a smell."

"Any othervaluables?"

"Six-shooters."

"Don't want 'em; they'll do for you to raise a stake to get out of town."

"Wa-al, I'm much obliged!" exclaimed Bludsoe, touched by this delicate consideration.

" Didn't I hear somethin' bout some valuable document—a letter or sich like that you were a-cavortin' round town with to-day, or was I a-dreamin'?" remarked the "gentleman of the night."

"Oh!" cried Bludsoe, struck with a sudden idea, "mebbe you're Mister Jabez Z. Smith?"

"I reckon I'll answer fur him; so hand it over."

Vainly the giant searched his pockets; no letter could he find.

"Lost it?" asked the disguised man.

"But Jabez Z., that's the man I hunger for!" roared the bullwhacker, boisterously.

"I don't know of any such man in the town," the postmaster remarked. "The best thing for you to do is to seal the letter up, address it to Mr. Smith, and put it in the post-office here; then he will be sure to get it."

"Oh, no, I guess not!" cried Mr. Bludsoe, winking mysteriously at the crowd. "This hyer letter is valuable, now, I tell yer! I kin read, I kin, I reckon that I didn't go to school fur nothin' onc't! I was a member of the first society way back in ole Kentucky, now, I'm a-tellin' you. I driv' the stage from Maysville to Paris for years when I was nothin' but a kid. Oh, I was one of the spirts. You jes' ask round Mount Sterling or the Blue Licks; I reckon that you'll hear a heap 'bout a gent'l'man 'bout my size—a fell'r wot looks like me a reg'lar lighter instead."

"Yes, sir."

PODDLE'S WIFE ON A NEW HAT.

BY JOE JOT. SR.

Why, Mr. Poddle, 'pon my word, must I believe my eyes?
You've gone and got another hat. I'm struck dumb with surprise!
I'm just too much astonished, sir, to speak a single word;
Such terrible extravagance I'm sure I never heard.

Another hat! The one you had was hardly three years old!
As if you owned the Black Hills there and had a mountain of gold,
While I economize and work and struggle all the while.
And have to wear a bonnet that's two weeks behind the style.

*It's so out of season that when last I took a walk
It gave me such an awful cold that I can hardly talk;
And that's the way I've got to go, while you can put on airs,*

And gayly sport a silk hat that even no rich man wears.

I tell you, Poddle, this won't do; a pretty pass has come;
You could have worn that other hat and saved that monstrous sum;
For it was plenty good enough for one as poor as I.
And there's no use of wasting words; you know I never do.

I need a thousand things to wear, and half I can't get.
You'll drive me clearly out o' my head so much you make me fret;
You, sir, and your don't match the hat, and next time you will go to see,
And get a new one out and out; now see if this isn't so!

If I was not the patient wife that I have always been,
Would you get hauling across the coals week out, sir, and week in.
And goodness knows it won't be long, if you go on this way,
That I'll begin to murmur some, and tell what I've to say.

*Great shakes! a seven dollar hat! Now, Poddle, this won't do;
You'll make what, only cost you one?—she did have made up new?
I really had a mind to scold, though I restrained, you see;
It only cost a dollar, dear? Well, give the six to me!*

Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;
OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGOON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ

AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

XIV.

THE Grand Duke Alexis was on his way out West when Sheridan telegraphed Custer to come to Fort Riley. The young prince had been in New York a few weeks before, thence to Niagara Falls, then all the way to San Francisco on the Pacific Railroad, which was now open from end to end. The running of that road had cleared the plains of the Indians, and there was no more danger in those places where Custer had followed after the Cheyennes, only three years before. Buffalo were much scarcer, however, which was a disadvantage for sport, as much as the absence of Indians was an advantage for safety.

Custer got into the train and was whirled away to the West, arriving in due time at Fort Riley, where the Grand Duke had already made his appearance. The famous scout, Cody, who is so familiar to the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, was also there, Buffalo Bill himself in person, and a splendid hunting-party was speedily organized, with a band of music and everything to suit. At least a hundred Indian scouts had been engaged, who roamed far and wide over the plains, marking down herds of buffalo and driving them toward the fort, so as to make game seem plentiful. It was all very well for common folks to have trouble in finding game, but every one was determined that the Grand Duke should find plenty.

The appointed morning came, and Alexis rode out with Custer to the hunting-grounds. The Grand Duke was and is a splendid-looking fellow, six feet high, broad and strong, with a pleasant face, always friendly. He wore a jacket and trousers of strong gray cloth, high boots and a fur cap, and carried one handsome revolver. His horse was of course a splendid animal, the best money could buy or hire.

Custer wore his well-known frontier dress, with its fringed capes and sleeves, while his long curly flowing down over his shoulders. He carried the new Springfield carbine, just then introduced in the army, and his piece had been altered into a sporting rifle by a gunsmith, making it a very handsome weapon. He had brought on from Louisville a new horse, a perfect thoroughbred; and no doubt Alexis thought that if all the American generals were like Custer, they were a handsome set of fellows.

As they got near the hunting-ground down came Buffalo Bill, full speed, to meet them. Cody was splendidly dressed, in the same gayly-ornamented buck-skin suit that he afterward used in the "Scouts of the Prairie," on the stage. Of course it was not his working dress, but Alexis never knew the difference, and he was delighted with these handsome costumes all round him. Then the Indian scouts, who had been driving buffalo, came up in new blankets, and all gay with feathers. They reported buffalo over the next hill.

It is needless to describe this hunt any further, for all buffalo-hunts are much the same, and this was no exception.

The Grand Duke turned out to be a good rider and shot, and killed his buffalo like a good fellow. Custer shot two, and Buffalo Bill, with his peculiar knack, finished five in as many shots. Long practice had shown him just where to aim to kill every time.

The Grand Duke spent several days buffalo-hunting, and accumulated quite a little store of trophies, and he was so much delighted with Custer's frank courtesy of manner, that when the hunt was over, he invited the general to come with him on the rest of his trip through the United States, first going back with him to Louisville, where they met Mrs. Custer, whose quiet, ladylike demeanor pleased the prince as well as the gallant looks of the general. Custer received permission from head-quarters to accept the invitation, and Mrs. Custer joined the party, which made quite an extended tour of all the Southern States, ending at New Orleans, where a Russian frigate waited for Alexis.

So there was our poor farmer's boy, the son of the village blacksmith at New Rumley, traveling about the United States on terms of equality with the heir of the greatest empire in the world, his little wife holding her own among the prince and nobles, as if she had been born to a throne. It was a sight peculiar to America, and hardly possible anywhere else.

The Alexis trip over, Custer returned to

Louisville, and wore through the next year of idleness as well as he could. In the early spring of 1873, to his great joy, the Seventh Cavalry was once more ordered to the plains, and himself with it.

The occasion was this: it had been determined, since the Pacific Railroad had succeeded so well, having pacified all the Indians to its south, that another road, through the more northerly territories, should be run. This determination proved, in the end, very disastrous, inasmuch as the new line ran through the territories of the Sioux, and the Sioux were the only Indians that had so far almost always had the best of the government in battle.

However, it was settled that the road should be surveyed, and a military escort, consisting of the 22d infantry and 7th cavalry, and General Stanley, with Custer second in command, was ordered to accompany the surveyor's party.

Custer concentrated his regiment at Memphis, the companies coming in from all round the States where they had been scattered, all very glad to get there. They took boat up the Mississippi and Missouri to St. Paul, where they landed, marching them overland, up the Missouri, to the village of Bismarck, in Dakota. Opposite to Bismarck, where the Northern Pacific road then terminated, was Fort Abraham Lincoln, where the expedition was to concentrate in May. It was now the beginning of April, but the winter was not yet over in those high latitudes, for the column was overtaken at Yankton Agency by a tremendous snowstorm, which nearly froze them all, and left a yard of snow on the ground. Several ladies were with the column, including Mrs. Custer, who always marched at the head of the troops when she was allowed, and these ladies had a hard time in the snow. However, it proved to be the last storm of the season, for a few days after warm weather set in, and by the time they reached Fort Lincoln, not a trace of white was on the ground.

Here, to their great disappointment, the ladies found that each of their ride had been in vain, for the baggage was ordered back, and the regiment received directions for speedy service in the field with the Stanley Expedition, to the Yellowstone River.

The ladies, very reluctantly, had to take the cars at Bismarck, and Mrs. Custer returned to Monroe. Custer and the Seventh soon started with the Stanley column. Here a strange meeting occurred between Custer and an old friend and enemy of his, General Rosser, late of the Southern army. After the surrender of Lee, poor Rosser, like many another brave fellow who fought on the losing side, in the Civil War, found himself cut adrift, with no way to make a living except by beginning life afresh. Having been through West Point in the same class with Custer, he was a good engineer, so he made his way up to Minnesota, entered service with the new railroad as a laborer, and worked his way up to be chief engineer. Now, therefore, it happened that he and Custer, who had not met each other since the surrender at Appomattox, came together two thousand miles away, and eight years later, as friends and comrades.

As you can fancy, they had many a pleasant talk over their old battles, explaining movements to each other. Those eight years and his own success had taken away all the bitterness of past defeats from Rosser, and he and Custer became very close friends, ever after.

The column started from Fort Lincoln in the spring as soon as the grass was well up, and proceeded due west toward the Yellowstone River on the line where the railroad was projected. Their early progress was quite rapid, the plains being quite smooth till they came to the line of the Little Missouri, beyond which the "bad lands" commenced. These bad lands are horrible places, seamed with broad deep fissures, almost impassable for wagons, and frequently delayed them so that the train would only make five miles a day. The distance from the Little Missouri to the Yellowstone was less than two hundred miles, but the ways were so difficult that it was not till July that the great river was reached. Then Custer proposed to General Stanley that he, Custer, should go ahead every day with two or three companies of cavalry, pick out a good road, and leave a broad trail for the wagons to follow. General Stanley was too old to be assonated to this arrangement, which soon brought Custer into quite a handsome fight.

It was the early part of the journey no Indians had been seen, and even on the Yellowstone it was some time before any indications of their presence were met. As it turned out, however, the column was being watched all the time, and by no less a person than the now celebrated chief, Sitting Bull.

Sitting Bull was and still is the most daring and implacable of all the Indians of the North-west. When the whole Sioux nation made peace with the whites, when Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, with all their braves, had come in and settled on the agencies, Sitting Bull alone held out. With a little band, sometimes of less than a hundred warriors, he remained out in the deserts round the Yellowstone, proud of his independence, and secure, as he thought, from the power of the government. As long as the Yellowstone country was not wanted, Sitting Bull was left alone in his glory, but the coming of the Stanley column showed him that he must fight if he hoped to drive out the whites. All the summer, while Stanley's great train of wagons was slowly creeping along the plains, Indians had been seen passing to and fro between Sitting Bull's little band and the different tribes on the agencies of the Missouri River. Here the Indians used to get guns and cartridges, ostensibly to hunt, while they slipped off, one or two at a time, ready to join Sitting Bull.

Therefore, there was very little to wonder at, when Custer, one fine morning, while reposing his little squadron of about ninety men, some ten miles ahead of the main column, was suddenly attacked by Sitting Bull, with at least three hundred warriors, who drove the soldiers to the bank of the river, and besieged them there for several hours. They could not budge Custer and the Seventh, however.

As usual, the soldiers fought on foot, sending their horses into shelter, and, as usual, the Indians wasted their time "circling," throwing away ammunition, when their first charge had been repulsed.

How long Custer might have held out, as he was situated, is uncertain, but the timely arrival of two squadrons of the Seventh extricated him from his dilemma. The way these came to be sent up was in consequence of Indian carelessness.

It seemed that, beside the main party attacking Custer, there were small bands of Indians roaming about, one of them led by a smooth-faced, smiling daredevil of a Sioux, named Rain-in-the-Face. This scamp happened to come on two peaceable quiet old men, who belonged to the main column, but who had fallen into the habit of roaming away to collect curiosities, of which the Yellowstone country is

full. Rain-in-the-Face came on these two old men, Dr. Horzinger and Mr. Balmer, and killed them both, leaving their bodies so that the advance of the column found them. He also killed a straggler of the Seventh, named Ball, and himself with it.

The finding of these bodies of course made General Stanley very anxious about Custer's detachment, and he at once sent off the Seventh to help their leader. The new force had not arrived within three miles when the wary Indians spied it, and began to draw off. Custer, with the quick decision natural to him, divined the presence of his friends, and determined to give his enemies a lesson.

Not waiting for the reinforcement he mounted his men, charged Sitting Bull, and drove him helter-skelter for nearly ten miles before he stopped, then came slowly back to camp, with the loss of only two men wounded.

This was his first Indian-fight since 1869, and ended in a triumph won against tremendous odds. Only a few days afterward down came Sitting Bull again, this time on the main expedition, with a much larger force. It was computed at the time that there were at least fifteen hundred Indians in sight, so many alies had joined Sitting Bull.

This time, however, the chief did not get off so easily. He had not calculated on the presence of a battery of small rifle-cannon which was in the train, carefully hidden.

Custer was given the main management of this fight, and encouraged the Indians to come on by throwing out a small force at first. No sooner were the Indians fairly in sight, clustered in crowds out of carbine-shot, than the artillery pitched a few shells into them, and sent them flying, completely demoralized.

After that the expedition had no more trouble from Sitting Bull, except small annoyances. At the end of the summer it broke up, having returned to Fort Lincoln.

Custer was ordered to take post till further directions at Fort Rice, Dakota, twenty miles from Lincoln.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

ELEANORE.

BY E. A. S.

Thou comest as in the days of yore,
With loving smile and fond embrace,
And, looking in thine earnest face,
Find thee still my Eleanore.

The past has been so sad and lone,
My heart throbbed heavily through tears;
I did not dream the coming years
Would bring thee thitherward, mine own.

And now, although the trees are bare,
And the far hills are cold and brown,
Though snowflakes flutter slowly down,
A summer radiance fills the air.

My heart has burst its chains of ice;
It throbs and swells with transport fine;
I drink rich draughts of love's rich wine,
And all my being doth rejoice!

Saved to Curse.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"HANDSOME! Yes, as a god. Rich? To embarrassment, they say. His name? Clive Pemberton. Reputation? —"

A forcible shrug of the shoulders took the place of the words for which John Silverbridge was waiting; a shrug of the shoulders that told, as plainly as words could have told, that Clive Pemberton's reputation was not sans reproche.

John Silverbridge and the friend who had spoken, stood beside the sandy stretch of seaboard, a little apart from a group of roughly-clad fishermen, looking down on the unconscious face and figure of a man lying there, drenched and chilled, whom John Silverbridge had, at risk of his own life, saved from drowning, not five minutes before, and who, with his savior, only awaited the coming of a cart to carry them to warmth and comfort.

"It was a tight struggle, Silverbridge. Once, I thought you were both done for."

"How handsome he is! I never saw a more perfect face. And by his clothing and jewelry I should say he was wealthy, and yet how little his riches would have availed! He is a stranger to me. Do you know him, or of him?"

Then the friend, an elderly, weather-beaten, grave-faced man, had answered in the words quoted.

John Silverbridge listened and saw the expressive French gesture.

"Pemberton? Not young Pemberton of March Place—not the godless young heir to the millions his father so lately left? Not that Clive Pemberton?"

"The one. Yonder is the cart and hot blankets. Where shall we take him? Unless he gets vigorous assistance soon all your efforts will be proved unavailing. He barely breathes."

John Silverbridge hesitated only one second before he gave the answer to the teamster at the horse's head.

"To my house, as fast as you can get over the ground."

Then he turned to shake hands with his friend.

"For one second I felt afraid to take Clive Pemberton to my house—my Ethel is fair and good, but she is not a match for him."

"I dare not say. But this I know, I never yet have known old prophecy to fail—that whoever one rescues from death by drowning, is bound to work the deepest misery against his preserver that tongue can name. I may be superstitious, Silverbridge, but I am as sure as that I am alive and warning you, that Clive Pemberton will turn your life into a blight."

Silverbridge smiled, as the cart drove on.

"You are no less fanciful as you grow older. I see. Come see me when you can."

And so they parted, and John Silverbridge took Clive Pemberton home to his sister Ethel, "so fair, so gracious, so romantic."

She was certainly an exquisitely beautiful girl, and hours afterward, when Clive Pemberton suddenly opened his eyes out of a reviving sleep, which exhaustion and the comfort of the warm, soft nest into which John Silverbridge's housekeeper had put him, had induced, it seemed to him that the graceful, statuesque girl sitting in the shadows of the darkened room, with a faint roseate gleam of fire-glow on her face and hair, was less human than angelic.

He lay very quietly for some time, watching her; noting the perfect pose of her form, the gentle curves, the tender grace of it; noting the cut of the features that were pure as a Greek statue; noting the jetty blackness and luster of the heavy circle of hair that crowned her like a royal diadem, the silken loveliness of the straight brows and heavy, long lashes, that lay on her marble fair cheeks, at her beautiful mouth, red as wet coral, not too small, and yet suggesting the daintiest of rosebuds.

He watched her—a feeling of intensest admiration growing upon him as the natural bewilderment of his situation passed away, and he remembered the sudden capsizing of the rowboat he had, foolhardy, ventured out in, and he realized he had been saved and was in the hands of those who had cared for him.

Then, an irresistible desire to see the eyes of such a beautiful girl possessed him; and as Clive Pemberton was a man who never had yet an undesired wish, he forthwith made up his mind to see the eyes; and so, he gave a faint sigh, as if just returning to wakefulness.

And instantly Ethel was on her feet beside the couch where he was lying, her midnight dark eyes looking eagerly, anxiously into his beautiful dark-violet ones.

"You are better! How thankful I am! Please do not attempt to speak—I will send Mrs. Barron to you at once."

And the quick, sweet tones in a pure, clear contralto, the smile so frank, so Lewish, that accompanied it, made Clive Pemberton swear this girl was the fairest he ever had seen, and that he would make her smile again upon him—Clive Pemberton, whose reputation as a heartless flirt had gone forth far and near, who had played with, only to destroy, more women's hearts than he could count!

That was the beginning. After that, Clive Pemberton came often to the Silverbridges, and Ethel's pure white cheeks learned to flush to the tint of an oleander at sight of him, with his splendid blonde beauty, his magnetic violet eyes that were not long in looking the most ardent love in hers. And Ethel's brother saw it—grate, staid John, who had saved Clive Pemberton's life, and who had smiled, almost laughed, when his friend repeated the superstition legend.

"And why should they not love each other?" he asked himself hourly. "If I was afraid at the first, it was because I feared my Ethel might love him unsolicited. But when he loves her so, when I can read it in his face, his eyes, his manner—why should I not rejoice that such a fair prospect opens to my one little sister? Should I, who so soon will bring my one especial darling home to be my wife, I, who know what it is to love with all my soul, refuse to sanction their affection only because people have said he was a lady's man?"

A few weeks later, when the first spring breezes began to blow warmly, Clive Pemberton came to him and asked him for Ethel according to agreement made in the morning, which had been spent as usual by the entire little circle; when the dainty seven-o'clock dinner was beneath its silver covers on the table, and John Silverbridge was growing just a wee bit impatient that Elsie had stayed out.

And he would smile in her rapt eyes and tell her she underestimated herself, and very far overrated him.

But he liked to